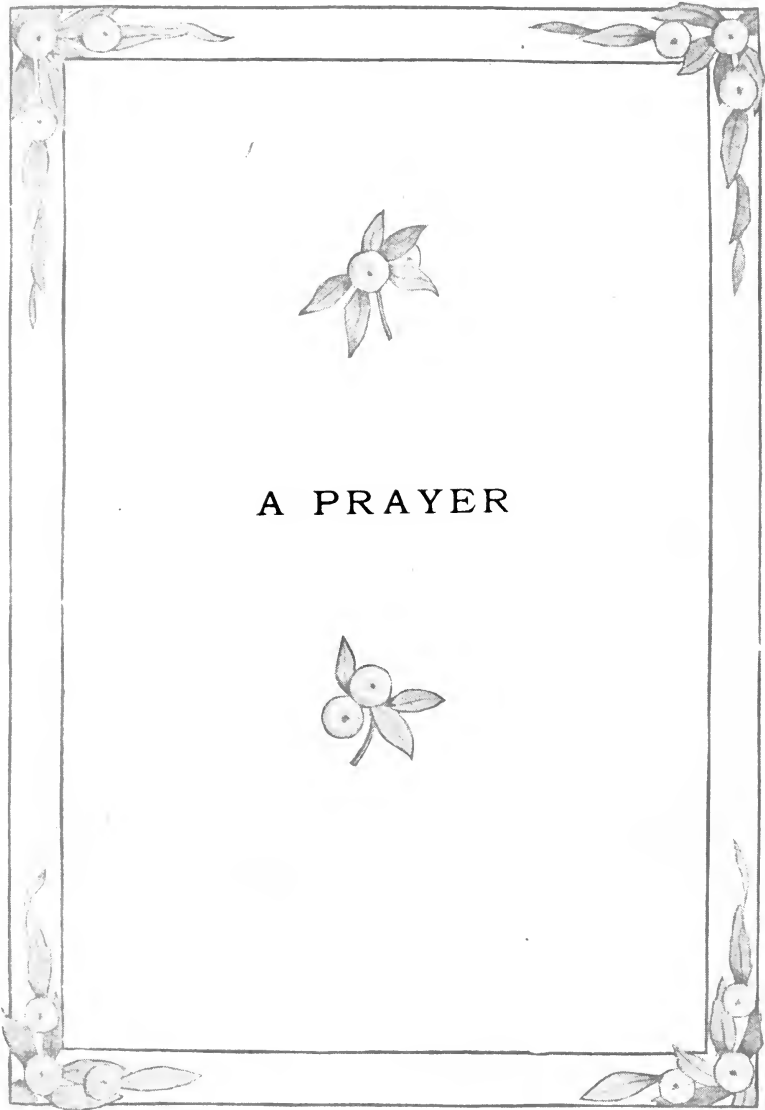


A PRAYER





A PRAYER

AND OTHER SELECTIONS

BY

MAX EHRMANN

AUTHOR OF "BREAKING HOME TIES"

WITH BORDER DECORATIONS BY

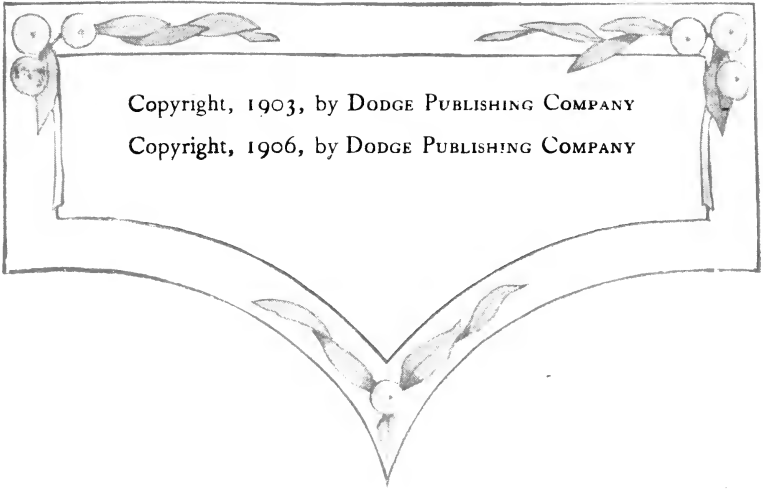
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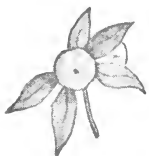
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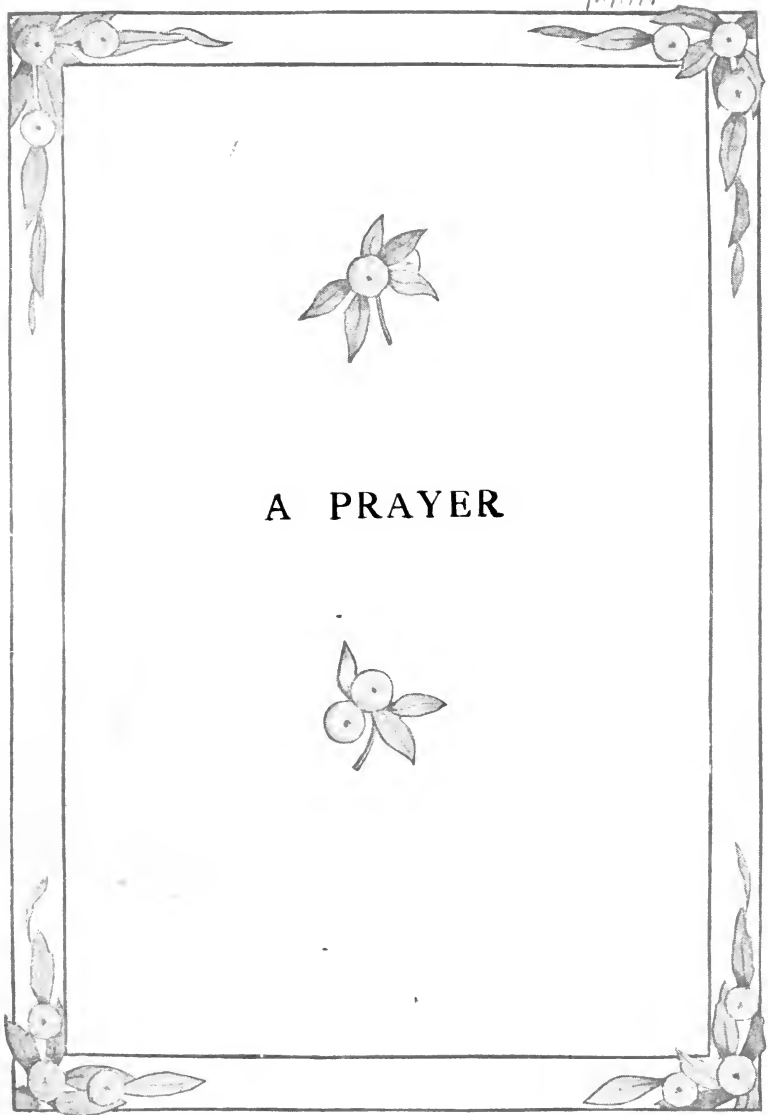
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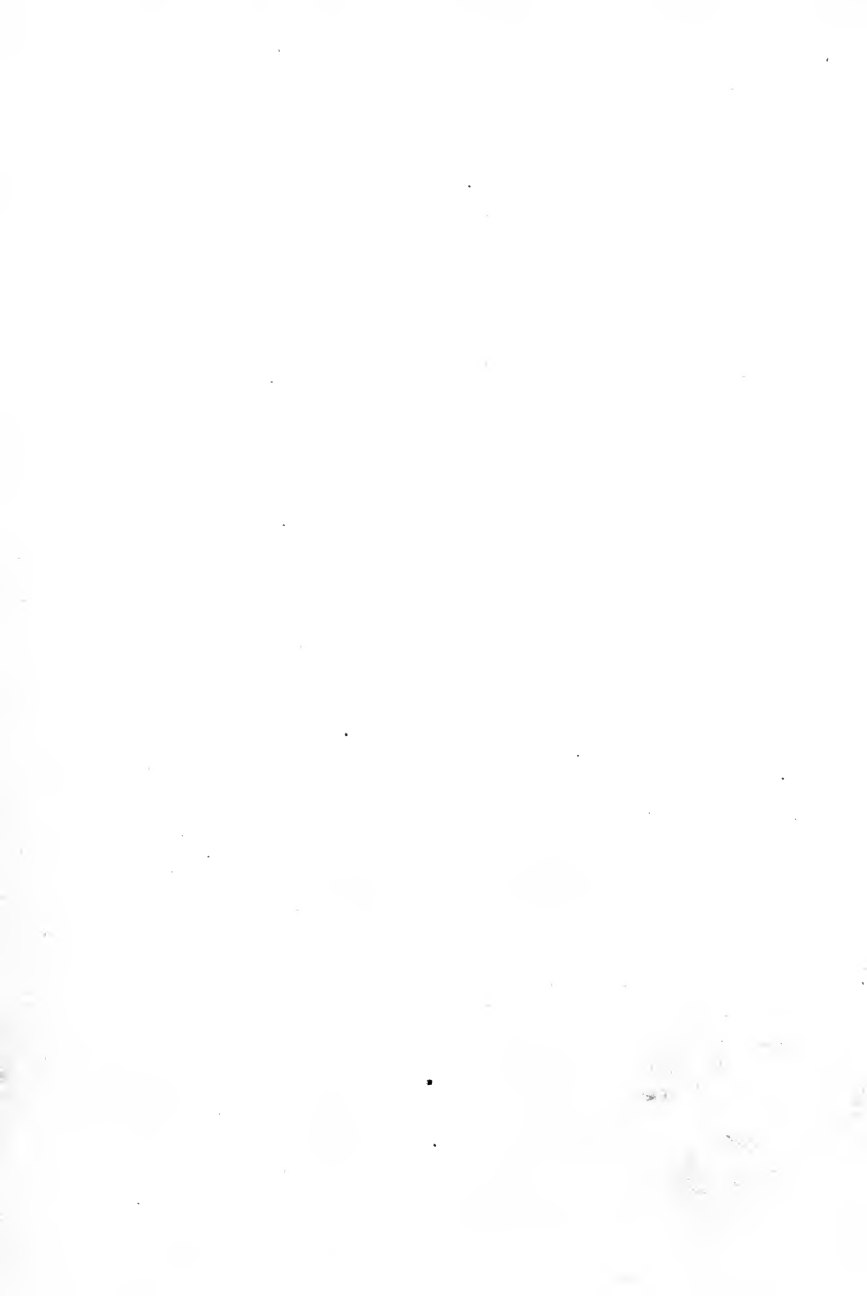
In Memoriam
Miss Mary Elizabeth Donald
1871-1906

P53507
H7 P7
1906
MAIN



A PRAYER





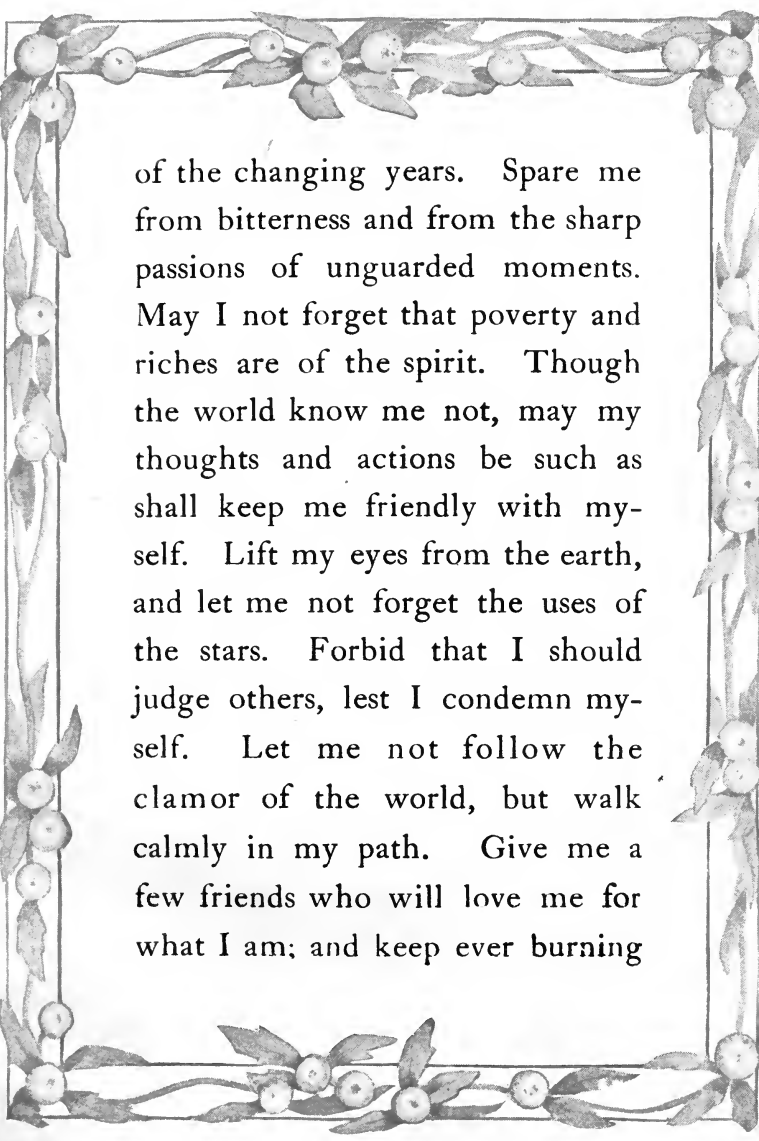


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A PRAYER

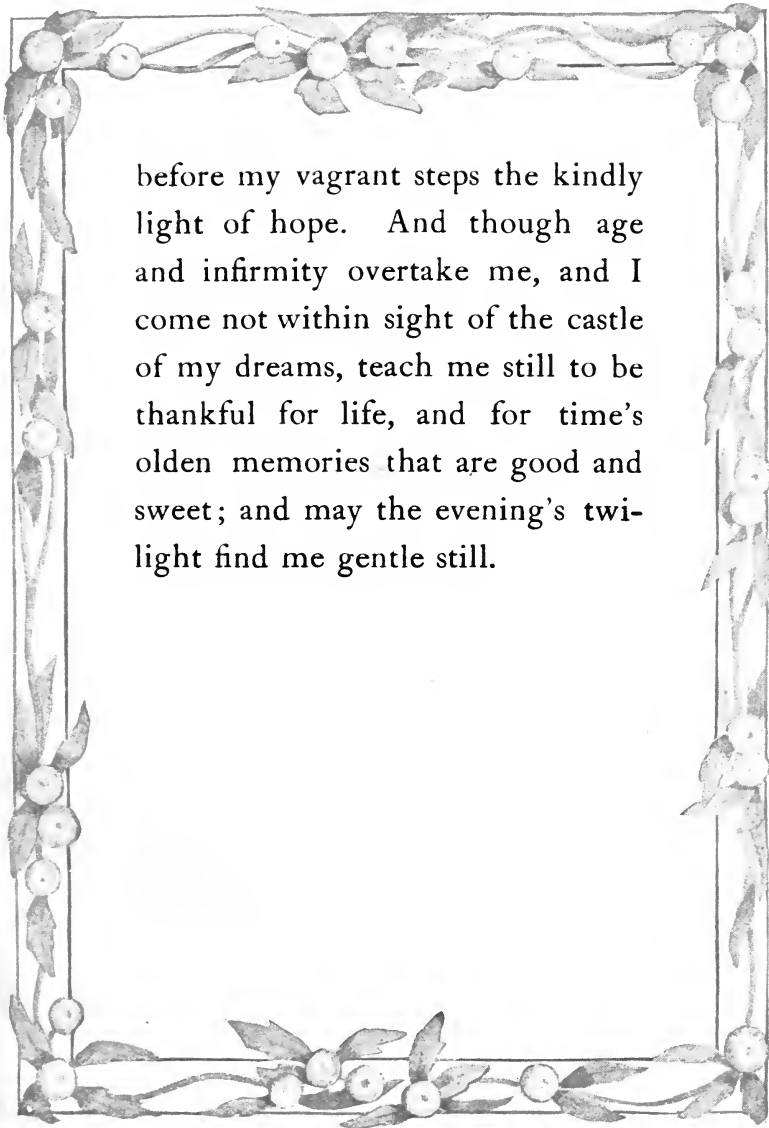
LET me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests

THE
SCHOOL OF
BUSINESS

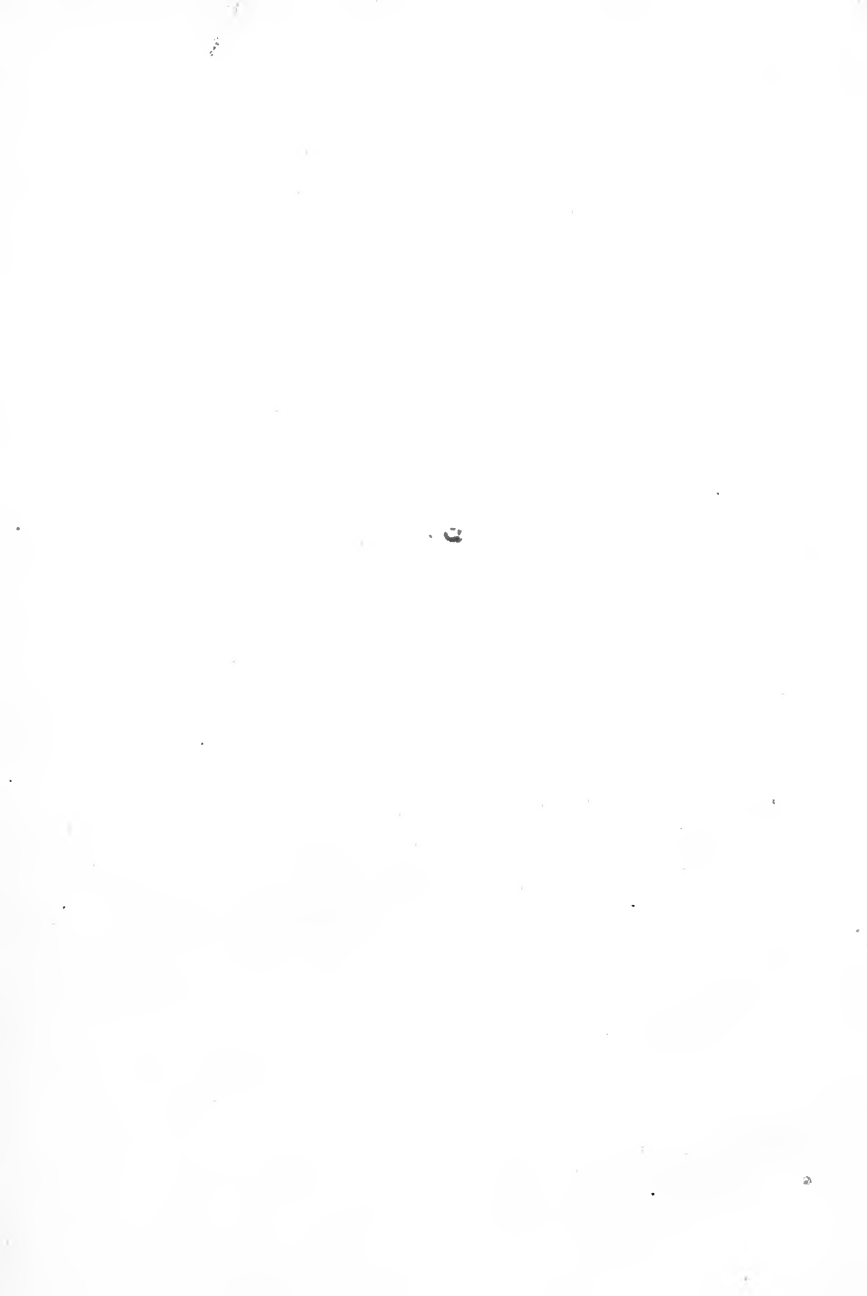


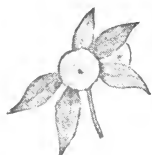
of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning



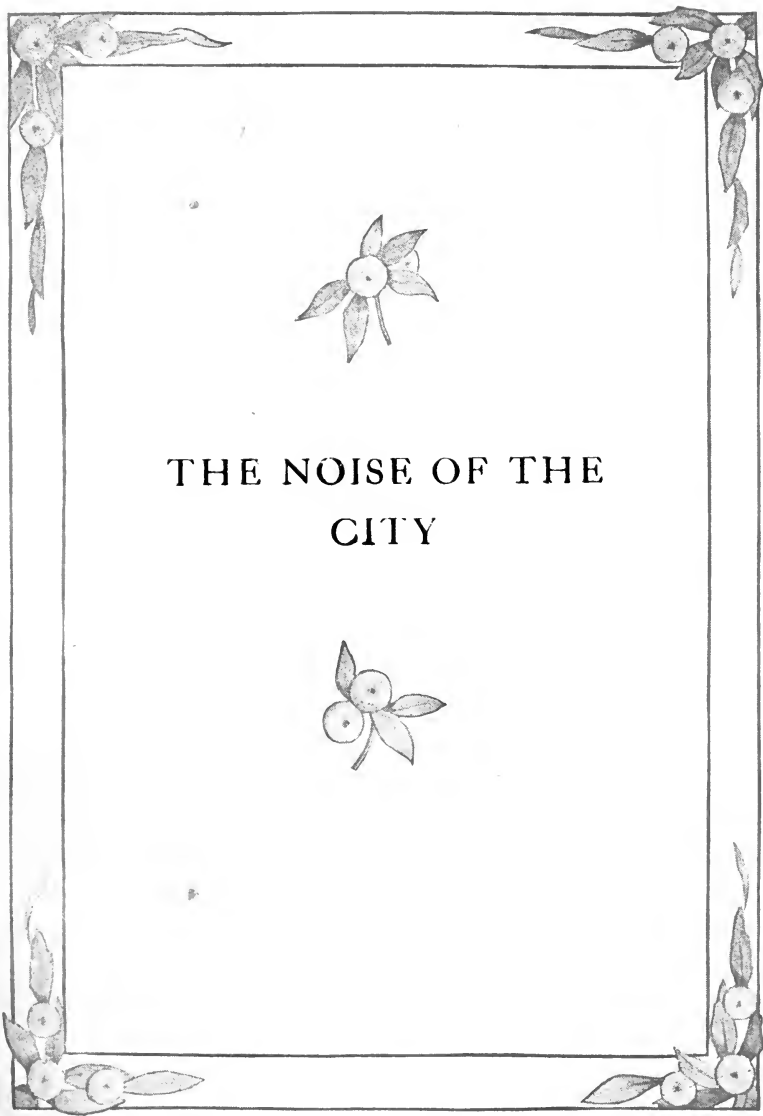


before my vagrant steps the kindly
light of hope. And though age
and infirmity overtake me, and I
come not within sight of the castle
of my dreams, teach me still to be
thankful for life, and for time's
olden memories that are good and
sweet; and may the evening's twi-
light find me gentle still.





THE NOISE OF THE
CITY



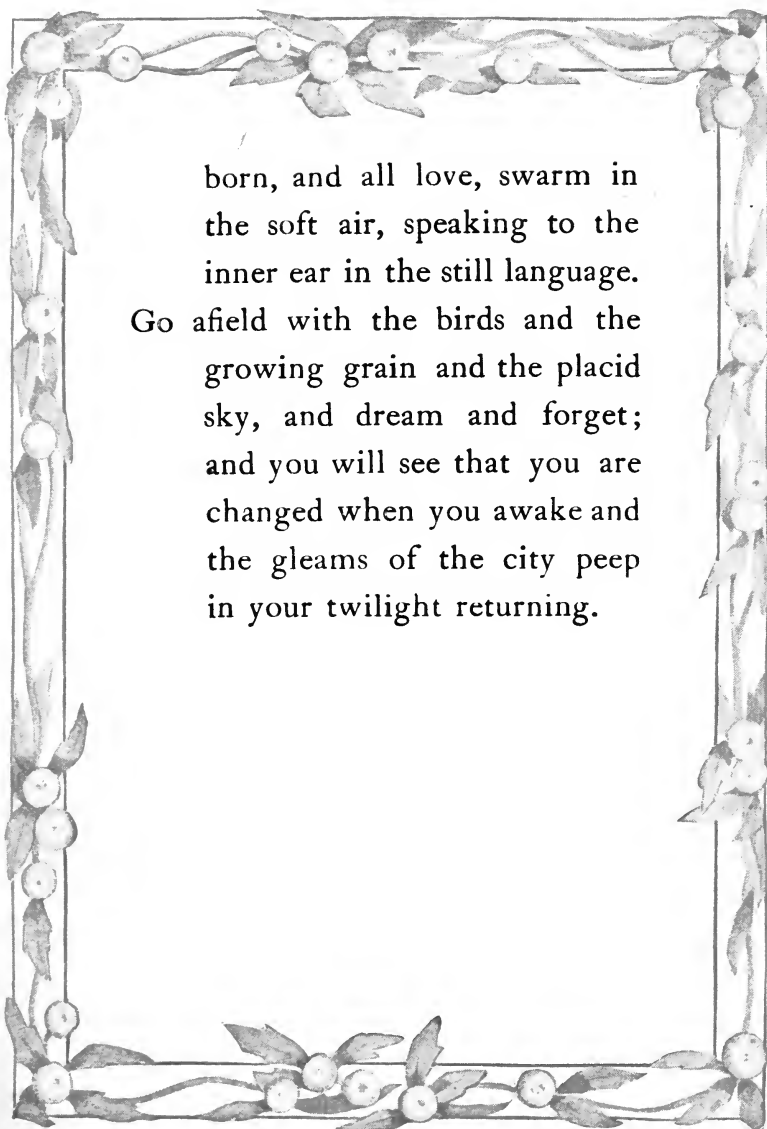
A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized leaves and small, round fruits, possibly berries or small apples, arranged in a horizontal line at the top and bottom, and vertically along the sides.

THE NOISE OF THE CITY

If the noise of the city offend you,
go afield, when you may,
with the birds, and with all
the wild free life that troubles
not;

The growing grain and the placid
sky have a kind of voice; and
though you are alone, the
boundlessness of the universe
is with you.

The dreams of imperishable passions
in old history, the love of
mothers for children, and the
love of children, born and un-

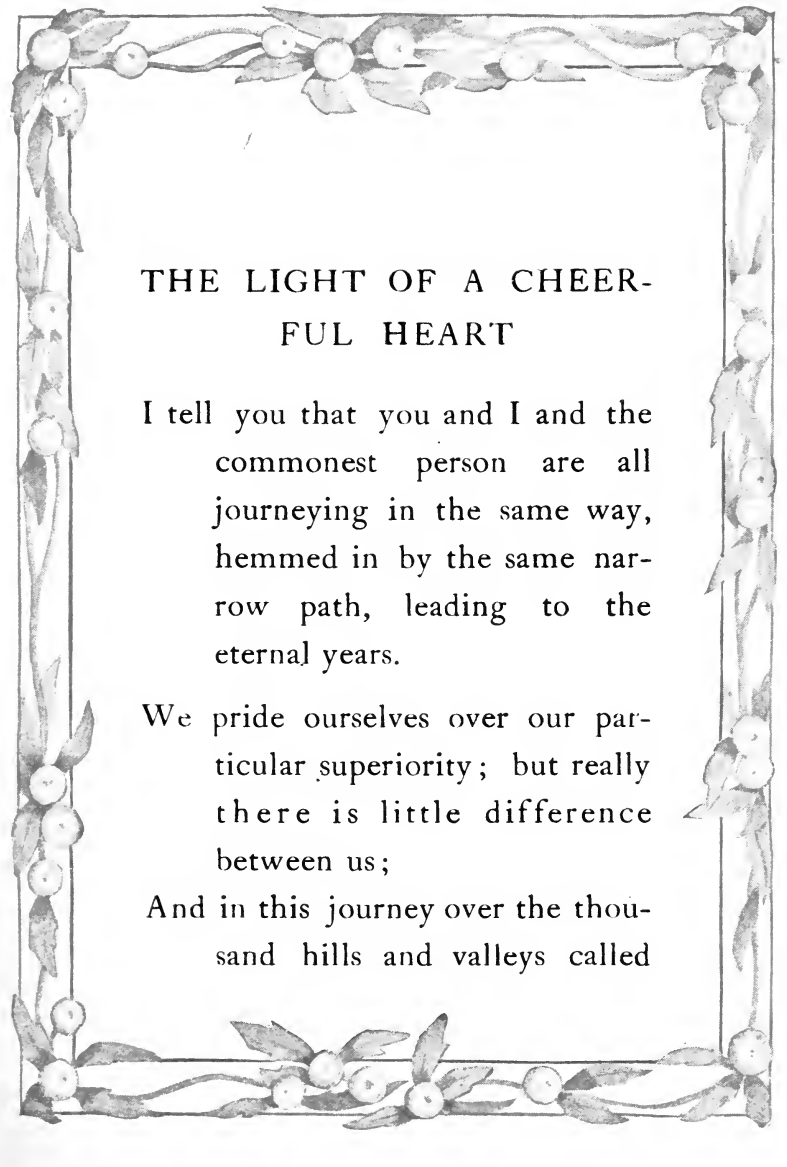


born, and all love, swarm in
the soft air, speaking to the
inner ear in the still language.
Go afield with the birds and the
growing grain and the placid
sky, and dream and forget;
and you will see that you are
changed when you awake and
the gleams of the city peep
in your twilight returning.



THE LIGHT OF
A CHEERFUL HEART



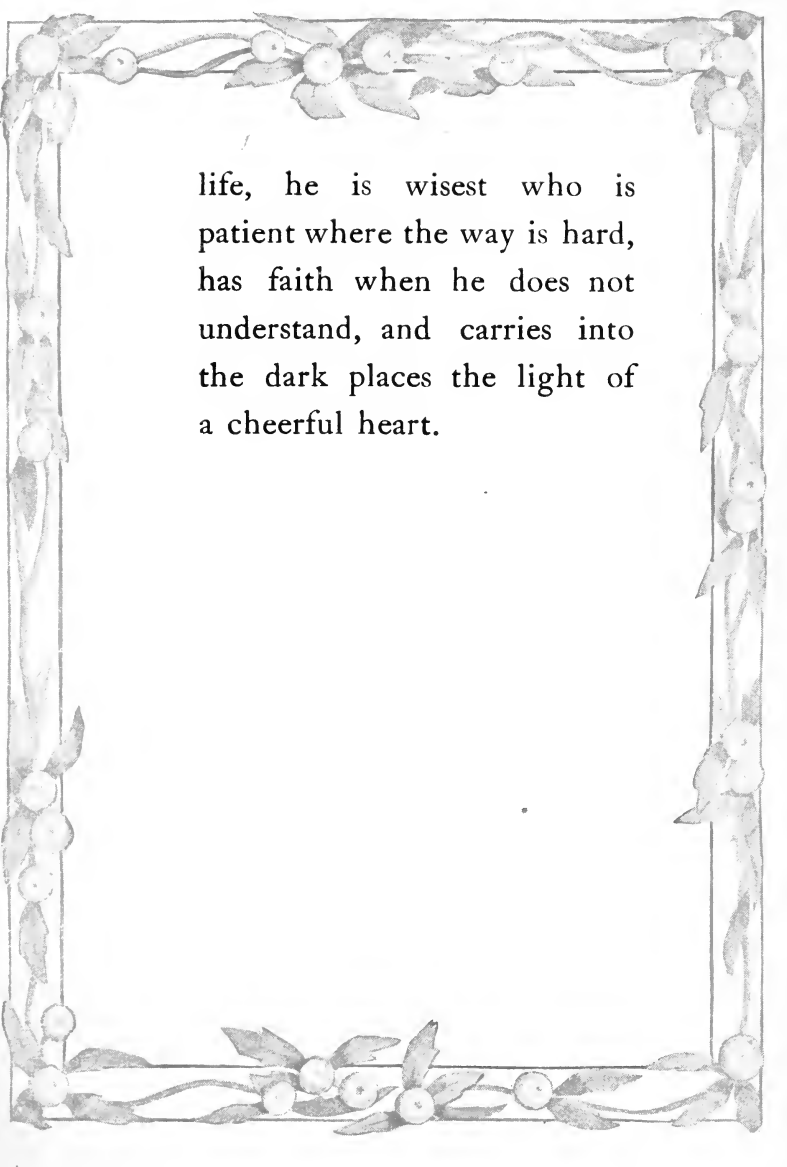
A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a repeating pattern of leaves and small, round fruits, possibly apples or oranges, arranged in a slightly wavy line.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEER- FUL HEART

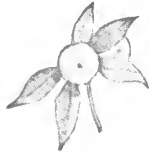
I tell you that you and I and the commonest person are all journeying in the same way, hemmed in by the same narrow path, leading to the eternal years.

We pride ourselves over our particular superiority; but really there is little difference between us;

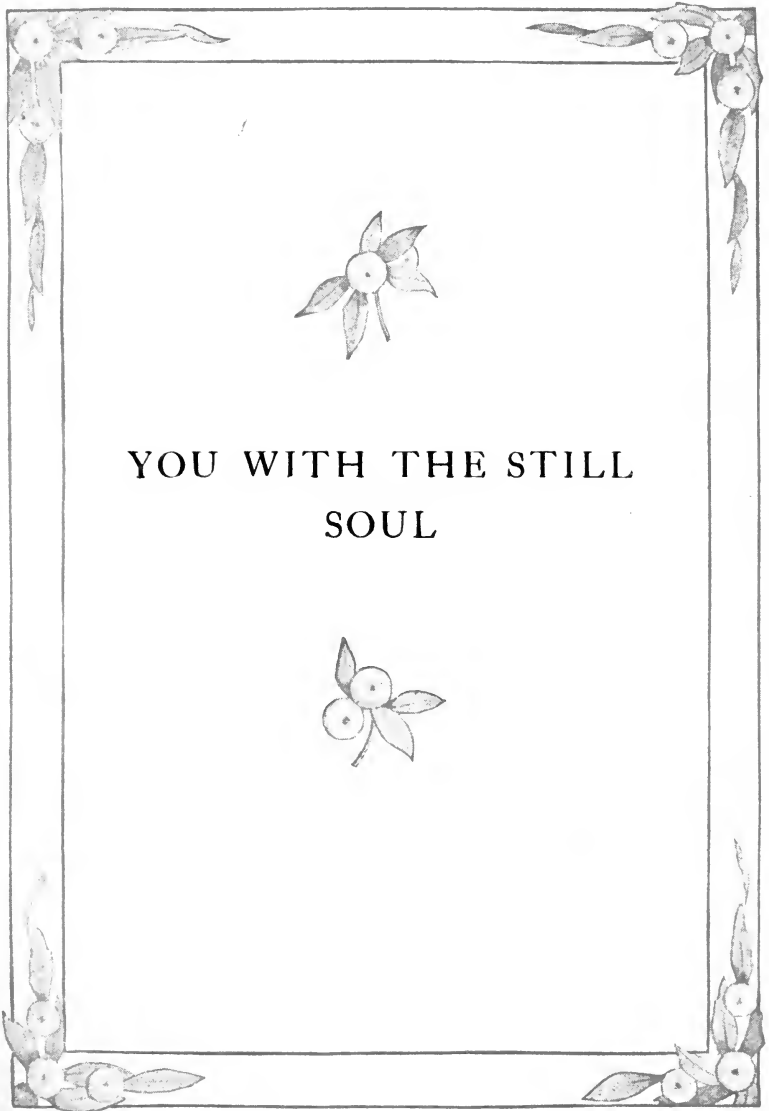
And in this journey over the thousand hills and valleys called



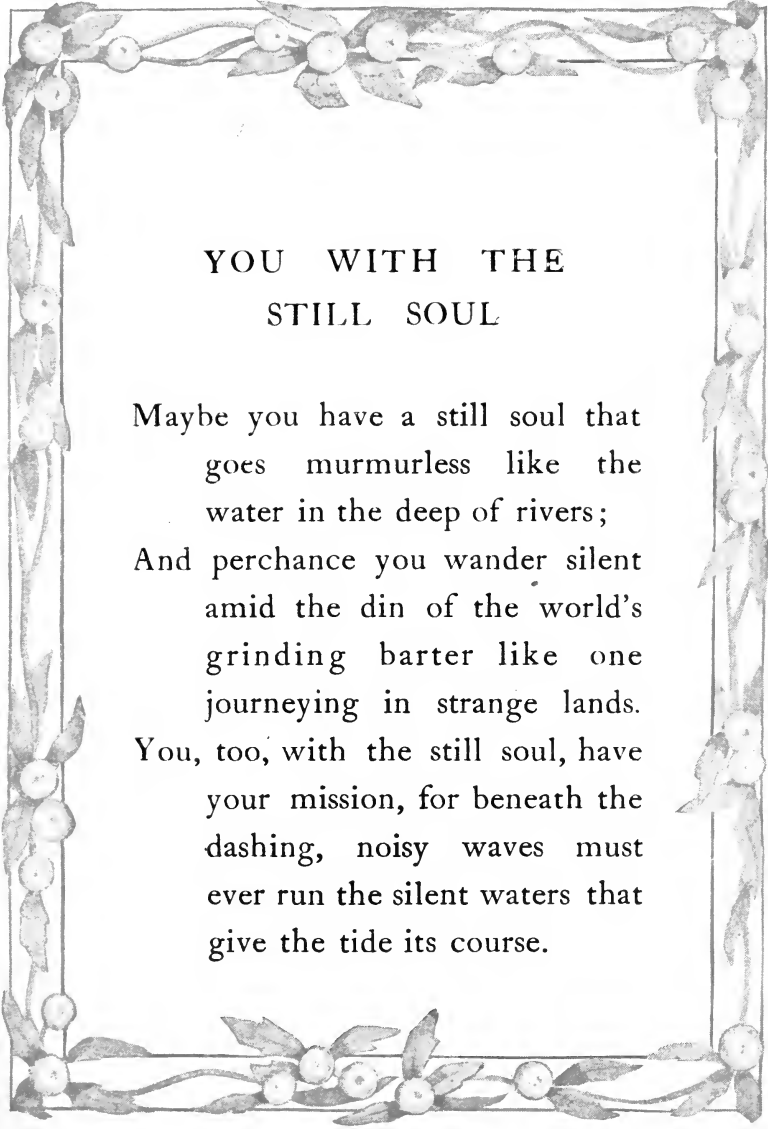
life, he is wisest who is
patient where the way is hard,
has faith when he does not
understand, and carries into
the dark places the light of
a cheerful heart.



YOU WITH THE STILL
SOUL





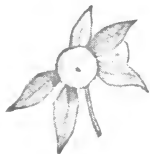
A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized leaves and small, round fruits, possibly apples or oranges, arranged in a horizontal line at the top and bottom, and vertically along the sides.

YOU WITH THE STILL SOUL

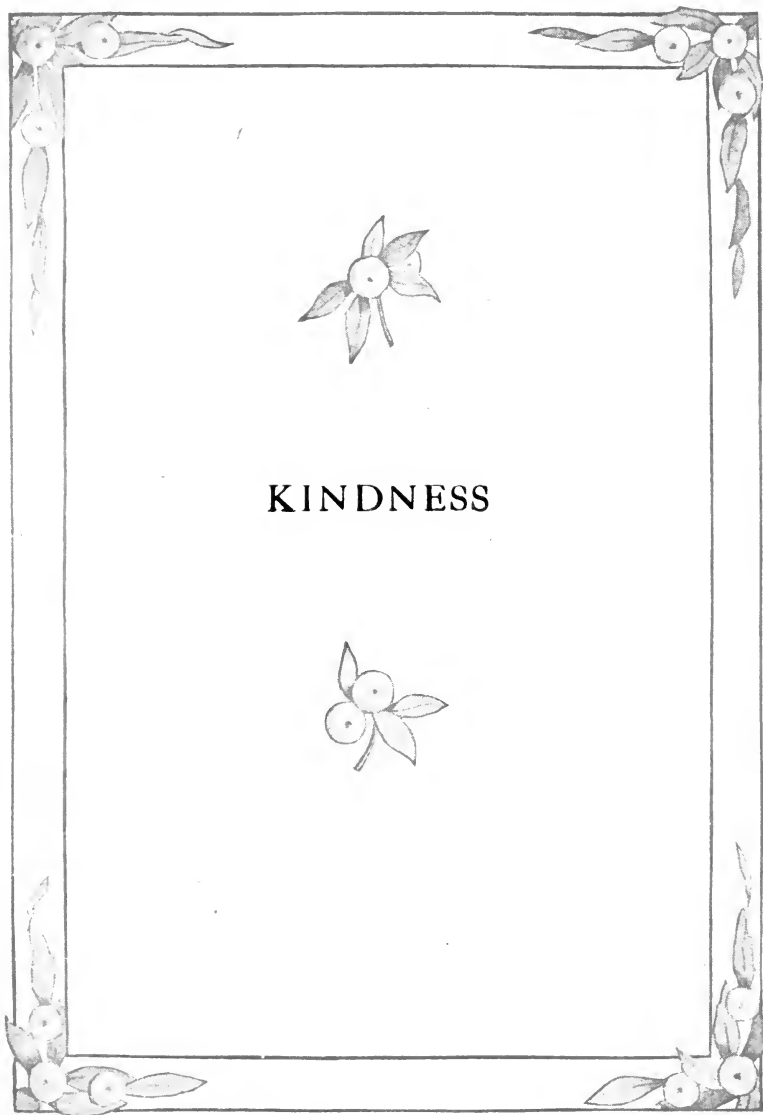
Maybe you have a still soul that
goes murmurless like the
water in the deep of rivers;

And perchance you wander silent
amid the din of the world's
grinding barter like one
journeying in strange lands.

You, too, with the still soul, have
your mission, for beneath the
dashing, noisy waves must
ever run the silent waters that
give the tide its course.



KINDNESS







KINDNESS

Who lives
For kindness gives
A light to darkened lands;
And tho no image of him stands
In public place, he is a martyr
Amid piratic schemes of barter;
And triumphs tho he die unwept:
His light may once have crept
Through hearts ot stone
And shone.

~~B~~

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